Lullaby

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Lullaby

by TCbook

Summary

The baby likes you.

Notes

Thanks to my lovely beta @hotmolasses

Give them some love!

Thanks everyone for following this little series I really enjoy writing it. There's even more to see!!

I hope you like this one <3

See the end of the work for more notes

- Translation into Русский available: Колыбельная by Krayn_Aletale

It happened two years after they married. The change of the omega's scent was perceptible only to him and his alpha. Will, of course, didn't know at first why Hannibal's scent changed from that sweet citrus to peppermint and something else, something like the blend of the two of them, creating something completely new, oaky fresh but welcoming. Then there was the nesting. The pillows started it all. Then Hannibal told him. He was pregnant with their first child.

The months passed in a flash while Hannibal finished the final touches of the two-story nursery. He painted, furnished, and decorated in soft yellows and greens, while Will watched his tummy grow bigger and bigger with the fruit of their love.
Not everything was happiness; the cramps, the change of moods, the irritability and the anger of a cannibal with cravings bombarded Will daily. More than once he'd had to lock the doors to keep his omega from going hunting alone in some prenatal bliss of murder. Charming, but dangerous for their child.

Will kept a watchful eye over Hannibal since he was informed of the pregnancy, watching him sleep and eat, giving him everything he needed, desired and craved. Several times, Will saw Hannibal resting in the little arm chair in the kitchen, with his belly resting between his legs, growing more full every day. Looking soft and plush under the sweet yellowish lights of the kitchen, sometimes he heard Hannibal talking to his belly, alone in the kitchen, commenting to the baby what he was going to create with the severed leg of that rude cashier of the store, telling his belly old hunting stories, and whispering in Lithuanian like it could respond from his insides with its little heartbeat fluttering inside of him. Will never understood why Hannibal kept talking to his belly, until he did it himself.

It was between the seventh and eighth month when Will saw him on the living room sofa, comfortably nested between all the pillows the omega could find, softly snoring in a deep slumber. The scene made Will's breath get caught between his lips, tiptoeing to the nest to not disturb his mate, so clearly exhausted by his daily chores with all the extra weight.

Will found himself scenting his mate all over his exposed body, brushing the point of his nose along the strip of belly that peeked from under the sweater, between his legs, hands and neck, following his instinct to protect and mark what he already felt like his, still nesting inside of his mate.

"I can't wait to meet you, baby." Will whispered to the belly, tugging a little smile, feeling the bond between him and Hannibal sing between them, another idle voice joining them in harmony.

"I'm sure you will love living with us, we have been waiting for you and we have everything ready. Even if Papa says we have to buy more stuff for your room, and believe me, he will kick me out of the house to fit more stuff for you." Will brushed his hands over the distended skin of Hannibal's belly in a round soothing motion, almost not touching the sleeping omega.

"I hope you look like Papa, with his light brown hair, his lovely almond eyes, his sweet loving scent and hairy belly." Will chuckled lightly.

“I’m not sure of the last part… still I hope she looks like you.” Hannibal said in a low voice without opening his eyes.

Will gasped and blushed, lifting his gaze to look at Hannibal, caught red handed whispering to his soon-to-be-born child.

“She’s happy to hear you talking to her.” Hannibal said. Then he winced, breathing deep after a too-quick movement and a baby kick to his rib in answer.

“We should have another.” Will bursted out, leaving kisses on the exposed belly, receiving a pillow over his face with the full strength of the omega.

“One is fine… for now at least.” Hannibal said, calm and serious.

“I’m glad we practice the making almost twice a day sometimes hmm...” Will answered putting aside the pillow, crawling over the nested omega to spoon him from behind, Will’s arms roaming Hannibal’s body until he started panting after Will pinched his oversensitive nipples.

Hannibal grunted, trying to lower his soft elastic pants, letting out a wanton whine every time his alpha lapped his neck and tweaked one of his nipples under the sweater and the undershirt he was wearing. Will rutted against the crack of his ass in the same spooning position.

“Aah- Will please.” Hannibal’s voice was husky and low, whispering only for his alpha to hear.

“Yes, ah yes.” Will repeated lowering his pants and underwear, feeling how wet his omega was for him, the hormones making him needy and horny every time he pushed a little.

Hannibal brushed his ass against Will’s thick, hard cock, until he aligned and pushed in with a slow and caring motion, knowing that he had to be gentle, measured. Their rocking moved the pillows of the nest around them until they were shiny with slick and Hannibal’s cum after Will drove them over the edge with patience, fucking Hannibal and jerking him off until he screamed his name over and over, the orgasm making them sleepy in Will’s warm embrace.

They napped until dinner hour, Will’s knot still palpitating inside the omega. Hannibal was right, one was enough, their little Abigail.

End Notes

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